Vol. V
of X

$2.00 US
$2.95 CAN

Suggested
For Mature
Readers

V FOR VENDETTA™

By **Alan Moore**
and **David Lloyd**

V FOR VENDETTA™

By **Alan Moore** and **David Lloyd**

Color artists:
Steve Whitaker
Siobhan Dodds
David Lloyd

Lettering:
Jenny O'Connor
Elitta Fell

V FOR VENDETTA 5
Published monthly by DC Comics Inc.,
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103.
© 1988 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved.
The stories, characters and incidents
mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional.
All characters featured in this issue
and the distinctive likenesses thereof
are trademarks of DC Comics Inc.
Printed in Canada.

V FOR VENDETTA, Book 2,
Chapters 4, 5, 6 & 7 first published 1982
in the United Kingdom by
Quality Communications Limited.
DC Comics Inc.
A Warner Communications Company.

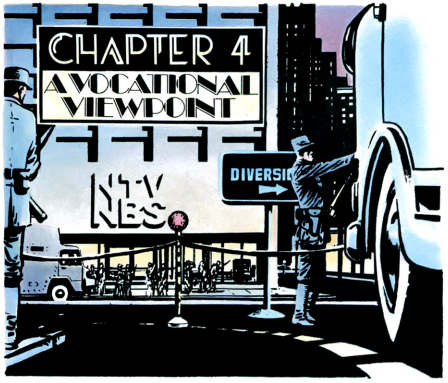
VTV

WELL, YOU SEE, I'M NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH YOUR PERFORMANCE LATELY... I'M AFRAID YOUR WORK'S BEEN SLIPPING, AND...
... AND, WELL, I'M AFRAID WE'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT LETTING YOU GO.

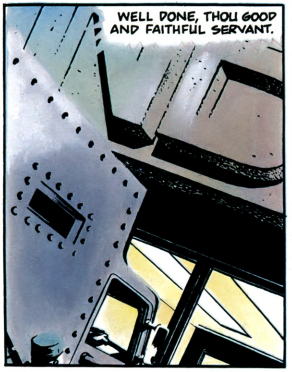
OH, I KNOW, I KNOW. YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE COMPANY A LONG TIME NOW. ALMOST... LET ME SEE. ALMOST TEN THOUSAND YEARS! MY WORD, DOESN'T TIME FLY?
IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY...

I REMEMBER THE DAY YOU COMMENCED YOUR EMPLOYMENT, SWINGING DOWN FROM THE TREES, FRESH-FACED AND NERVOUS, A BONE CLASPED IN YOUR BRISTLING FIST...
"WHERE DO I START, SIR?" YOU ASKED, PLAINTIVELY.

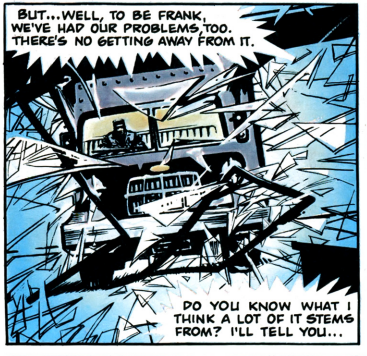
I RECALL MY EXACT WORDS: "THERE'S A PILE OF DINOSAUR EGGS OVER THERE, YOUNGSTER," I SAID, SMILING PATERNALLY THE WHILE.
"GET SUCKING."

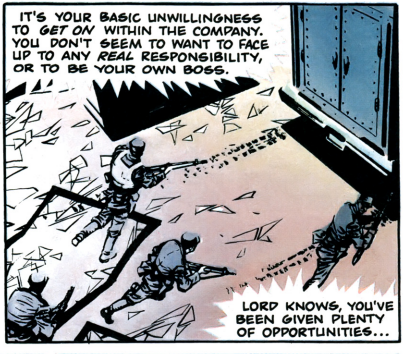


Lettering: **Elitta Fell**


WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

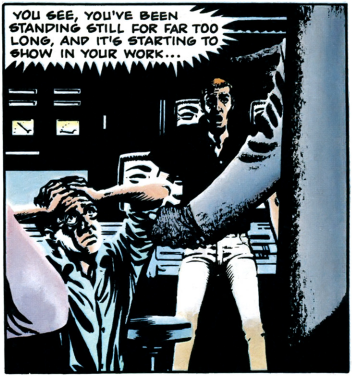
ALSO, PLEASE DON'T THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOUR OUTSTANDING SERVICE RECORD, OR ABOUT ALL OF THE INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS THAT YOU'VE MADE TO THE COMPANY...
FIRE, THE WHEEL, AGRICULTURE... IT'S AN IMPRESSIVE LIST, OLD-TIMER. A JOLLY IMPRESSIVE LIST. DON'T GET ME WRONG.


BUT...WELL, TO BE FRANK, WE'VE HAD OUR PROBLEMS, TOO. THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK A LOT OF IT STEMS FROM? I'LL TELL YOU...


IT'S YOUR BASIC UNWILLINGNESS TO GET ON WITHIN THE COMPANY. YOU DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO FACE UP TO ANY REAL RESPONSIBILITY, OR TO BE YOUR OWN BOSS.
LORD KNOWS, YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES...

WE'VE OFFERED YOU PROMOTION TIME AND TIME AGAIN, AND EACH TIME YOU'VE TURNED US DOWN.
"I COULDN'T HANDLE THE WORK, GUV'NOR," YOU WHEEDLED. "I KNOW MY PLACE."

TO BE FRANK, YOU'RE NOT TRYING, ARE YOU?


YOU SEE, YOU'VE BEEN STANDING STILL FOR FAR TOO LONG, AND IT'S STARTING TO SHOW IN YOUR WORK...

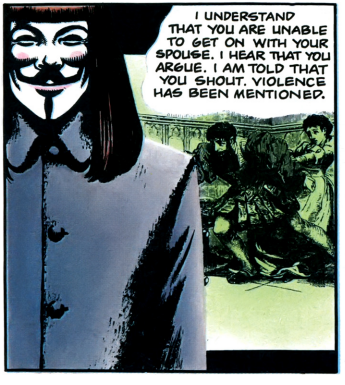
AND, I MIGHT ADD, IN YOUR GENERAL STANDARD OF BEHAVIOUR.

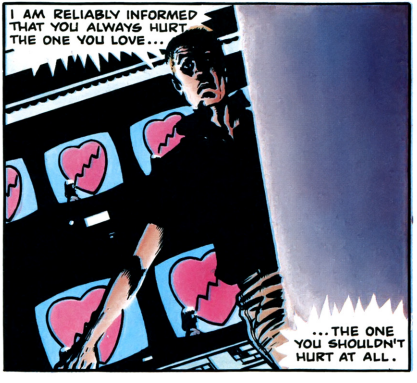
THE CONSTANT BICKERING ON THE FACTORY FLOOR HAS NOT ESCAPED MY ATTENTION...

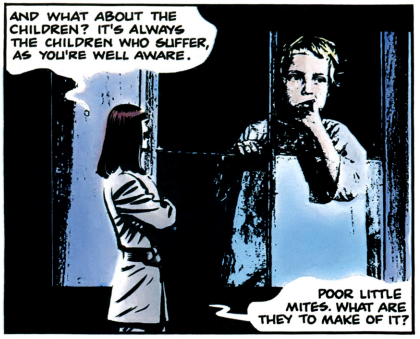
...NOR THE RECENT BOUTS OF ROWDINESS IN THE STAFF CANTEEN.

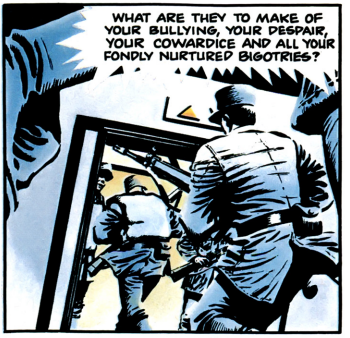
THEN OF COURSE THERE'S...
HMM. WELL, I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO HAVE TO BRING THIS UP, BUT...

WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN HEARING SOME DISTURBING RUMOURS ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL LIFE.
NO, NEVER YOU MIND WHO TOLD ME. NO NAMES, NO PACK DRILL...


I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE UNABLE TO GET ON WITH YOUR SPOUSE. I HEAR THAT YOU ARGUE. I AM TOLD THAT YOU SHOUT. VIOLENCE HAS BEEN MENTIONED.


I AM RELIABLY INFORMED THAT YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE...
...THE ONE YOU SHOULDN'T HURT AT ALL.


AND WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN? IT'S ALWAYS THE CHILDREN WHO SUFFER, AS YOU'RE WELL AWARE.
POOR LITTLE MITES. WHAT ARE THEY TO MAKE OF IT?


WHAT ARE THEY TO MAKE OF YOUR BULLYING, YOUR DESPAIR, YOUR COWARDICE AND ALL YOUR FONDLY NURTURED BIGOTRIES?

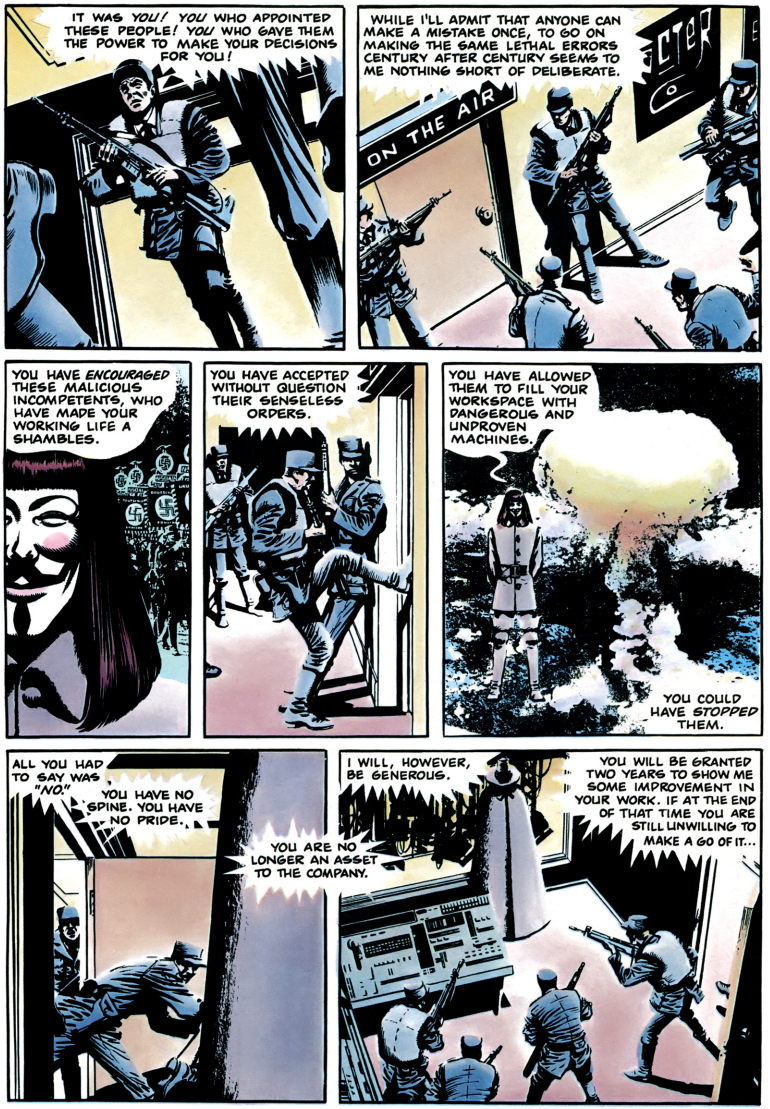
REALLY, IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH, IS IT?

AND IT'S NO GOOD BLAMING THE DROP IN WORK STANDARDS UPON BAD MANAGEMENT, EITHER...

..THOUGH, TO BE SURE, THE MANAGEMENT IS *VERY* BAD.
IN FACT, LET US NOT MINCE WORDS... THE MANAGEMENT IS *TERRIBLE!*

WE'VE HAD A STRING OF EMBEZZLERS, FRAUDS, LIARS AND LUNATICS MAKING A STRING OF CATASTROPHIC DECISIONS.
THIS IS PLAIN FACT.

BUT WHO *ELECTED* THEM?


IT WAS YOU! YOU WHO APPOINTED THESE PEOPLE! YOU WHO GAVE THEM THE POWER TO MAKE YOUR DECISIONS FOR YOU!
WHILE I'LL ADMIT THAT ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE ONCE, TO GO ON MAKING THE SAME LETHAL ERRORS CENTURY AFTER CENTURY SEEMS TO ME NOTHING SHORT OF DELIBERATE.
ON THE AIR
YOU HAVE ENCOURAGED THESE MALICIOUS INCOMPETENTS, WHO HAVE MADE YOUR WORKING LIFE A SHAMBLES.
YOU HAVE ACCEPTED WITHOUT QUESTION THEIR SENSELESS ORDERS.
YOU HAVE ALLOWED THEM TO FILL YOUR WORKSPACE WITH DANGEROUS AND UNPROVEN MACHINES.
YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED THEM.
ALL YOU HAD TO SAY WAS "NO."
YOU HAVE NO SPINE. YOU HAVE NO PRIDE.
I WILL, HOWEVER, BE GENEROUS.
YOU ARE NO LONGER AN ASSET TO THE COMPANY.
YOU WILL BE GRANTED TWO YEARS TO SHOW ME SOME IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR WORK. IF AT THE END OF THAT TIME YOU ARE STILL UNWILLING TO MAKE A GO OF IT...

YOU'RE FIRED.
THAT WILL BE ALL. YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR LABOURS.
NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

AWAY!
CHAPTER 5
THE VACATION
WHY THE BLOODY HELL DID I HIT HIM,?
IT WASN'T HIS FAULT. HE'D ONLY BEEN ON THE JOB FOR A WEEK...
MR. FINCH? CREEDY, PETER CREEDY, TAKING OVER FROM MR. ALMOND AT THE FINGER.
HE'S THROUGH HERE. WE'VE NOT TOUCHED HIM.

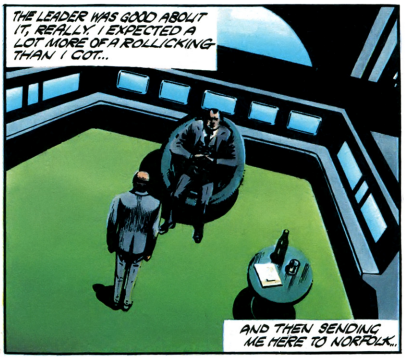
Additional art: **Tony Weare**

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**

YOU HEARD WHAT HE DID? BLOODY INGENIOUS. BREAKS INTO JORDAN TOWER, HOLDS DASCOMBE AND HIS CREW AT DETONATOR POINT AND MAKES 'EM BROADCAST HIS VIDEO.
MADE DASCOMBE SEAL OFF THE BUILDING WITH HIS DESK-CONSOLE.
HE KNEW THE TRANSMITTER WAS INSIDE THE TOWER, MUST'VE. WITH THE BUILDING SEALED OFF HE KNEW WE COULDN'T GET IN AND PULL THE PLUG ON HIM STRAIGHT AWAY.
BLOODY INGENIOUS.
'COURSE, HE COULDN'T GET OUT, EITHER.
HE'D SENT EVERYONE BUT DASCOMBE OUT OF THE CONTROL ROOM JUST BEFORE WE GOT THERE, WHEN MY LADS BURST IN, HE WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE OBSERVATION WINDOW.
HE DIDN'T EVEN PUT UP A FIGHT. THEY JUST OPENED UP WITH THE SHOOTERS AND...
WHERE'S DASCOMBE?
SORRY?
DASCOMBE. WHERE IS HE?
WELL, I DUNNO...
HE MUST'VE WANDERED OFF SOMEWHERE, IN A DAZE, I EXPECT.
HE'D HAD A SHOCK.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.
HOW LONG AGO DID THIS HAPPEN?
I... BUT...
TEN MINUTES, TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

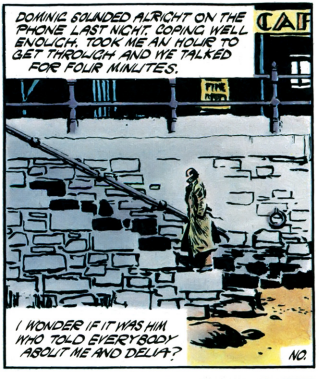
THERE'S THE SLIMMEST CHANCE THAT HE'S STILL INSIDE THE BUILDING SOMEWHERE. SEARCH IT.
...AND THEN PERHAPS ONE OF YOUR WOODEN-TOPS COULD CALL ON MR. ALMOND'S WIDOW. SHE AND DASCOMBE HAD BEEN CLOSE LATELY.
ALRIGHT...
ALRIGHT, FINCH. NO NEED TO START ON MY LADS.
CHRIST, ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE.
NOT WITH HIM YOU CAN'T!
YOU MAKE A MISTAKE WITH HIM AND YOU'RE DEAD!
...YOU OR SOMEONE ELSE.
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STOP TREATING THIS BASTARD AS IF HE WAS HUMAN?
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN? WHEN IS EVERY-BODY GOING TO LEARN?
MR. FINCH...
IT'S ALRIGHT, LADDY. YOU LET HIM CARRY ON.
EVERYBODY KNOWS HE'S BEEN IN A STATE SINCE THAT DOCTOR HE WAS KIPPING WITH GOT BUMPED OFF.
WHY?

WHY DID I HIT HIM?

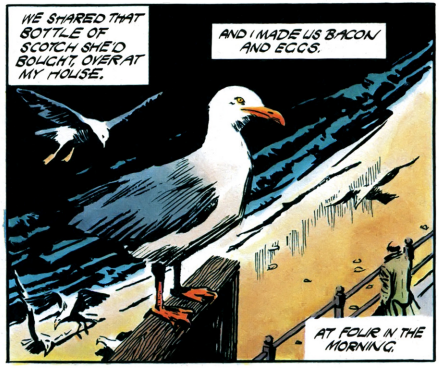

THE LEADER WAS GOOD ABOUT IT, REALLY. I EXPECTED A LOT MORE OF A ROLLICKING THAN I GOT...
AND THEN SENDING ME HERE TO NORFOLK.

SENDING ME ON A HOLIDAY, FOR GOD'S SAKE. I MEAN, THERE'S NOTHING HERE SINCE THE '89 FLOOD, BUT...
A HOLIDAY. HE MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT ME.

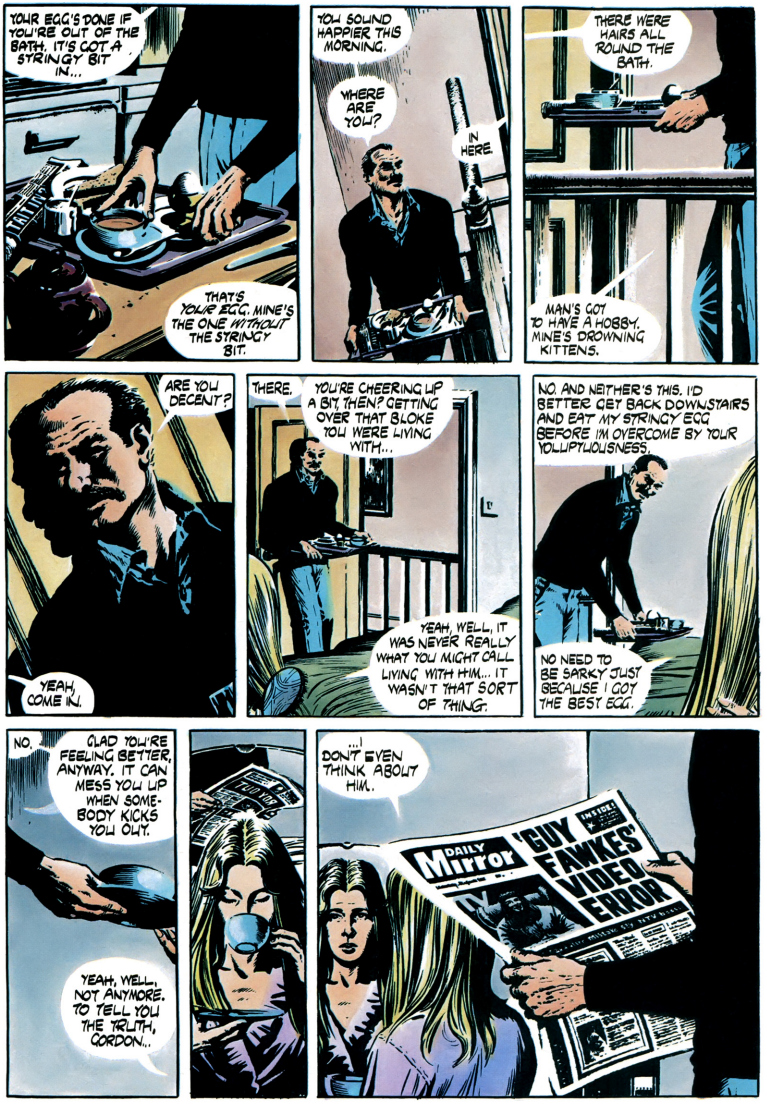
I'M WORRIED ABOUT ME.


DOMINIC SOUNDED ALRIGHT ON THE PHONE LAST NIGHT. COPING WELL ENOUGH. TOOK ME AN HOUR TO GET THROUGH AND WE TALKED FOR FOUR MINUTES.
I WONDER IF IT WAS HIM WHO TOLD EVERYBODY ABOUT ME AND DELIA?
NO.

PROBABLY DELIA.
SHE SAID SHE MADN'T, BUT.. WELL, SHE NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT WHAT SHE'D DONE AT LARKHILL.
WE ONLY DID IT THREE TIMES, ALL TOLD, ALL THOSE YEARS...

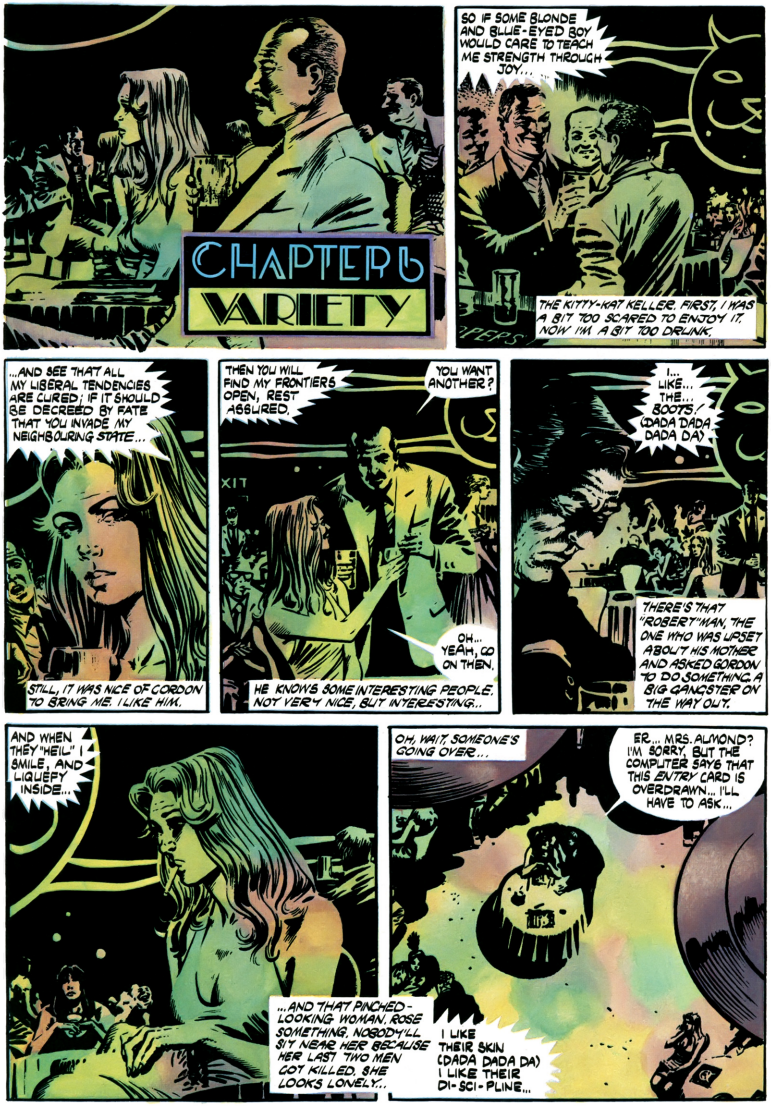

WE SHARED THAT BOTTLE OF SCOTCH SHE'D BOUGHT, OVER AT MY HOUSE.
AND I MADE US BACON AND EGGS.
AT FOUR IN THE MORNING.

HOME.
OH, HELLO.
HELLO, GORD.
IT'S ALRIGHT. NOT STOPPING. JUST DROPPED BY TO SAY WE'D FOUND SOMEONE TO OFFLOAD THE BOOZE ON.
BLOKE OVER IN PIMLICO.
MAGIC. TELL TERRY I'LL SEE HIM SATURDAY ABOUT THE MONEY.
YEAH, OKAY.
HOW'S THE LODGER, BY THE WAY? TERRY MENTIONED..
SHE'S ALRIGHT.
YOU'LL TELL TERRY SATURDAY, THEN?
NO PROBLEM. SEE YA, GORD.
WHO WAS THAT?
OLD LADY ASKED IF I WANTED TO GIVE HER SOME MONEY FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.
TOLD HER I'D ALREADY GOT ONE.
LIAR!


YOUR EGG'S DONE IF YOU'RE OUT OF THE BATH. IT'S GOT A STRINGY BIT IN...
THAT'S YOUR EGG. MINE'S THE ONE WITHOUT THE STRINGY BIT.
YOU SOUND HAPPIER THIS MORNING.
WHERE ARE YOU?
IN HERE.
THERE WERE HAIRS ALL ROUND THE BATH.
MAN'S GOT TO HAVE A HOBBY. MINE'S DROWNING KITTENS.
ARE YOU DECENT?
YEAH, COME IN.
THERE.
YOU'RE CHEERING UP A BIT, THEN? GETTING OVER THAT BLOKE YOU WERE LIVING WITH...
YEAH, WELL, IT WAS NEVER REALLY WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL LIVING WITH HIM... IT WASN'T THAT SORT OF THING.
NO. AND NEITHER'S THIS. I'D BETTER GET BACK DOWNSTAIRS AND EAT MY STRINGY EGG BEFORE I'M OVERCOME BY YOUR YOLUPTUOUSNESS.
NO NEED TO BE SARKY JUST BECAUSE I GOT THE BEST EGG.
NO.
GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, ANYWAY. IT CAN MESS YOU UP WHEN SOMEBODY KICKS YOU OUT.
YEAH, WELL, NOT ANYMORE. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, GORDON...
...I DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT HIM..
DAILY MIRROR
'GUY FAWKES' VIDEO ERROR

MARCH 8TH, 1998:
I'M NOT POLITICALLY TICKLISH AND THEORY MAKES ME WEARY...
...AND AFFAIRS OF STATE AREN'T MY KIND OF AFFAIRS.
AND I'D NEVER BED, NOR MUCH LESS WED THE WAG WHOSE FLAG IS DEEPEST RED. MY TASTES RUN MORE TO LONDONDERRY AIRS...
BUT AT RALLIES IN THE NIGHT WITH ALL THE TORCHES BURNING BRIGHT I FEEL A STIRRING IN ME I CAN NOT NEGLECT...
...AND I'LL GRASP WITH MAD ABANDON ANY LAD WITH AN ARMBAND ON AND WHO'S CUTE SALUTE IS MANLY AND ERECT!
I LIKE THE BOOTS (DADA DADA DADA DA) I LIKE THE AT-TI-TUDE. I LIKE THE POINT AT WHICH THE LEGAL MEETS THE LEWD.
I LIKE THE THRILL (DADAD DADA DADA DA) OF THE TRIUMPHANT WILL...
...I LIKE THE MARCHING AND THE MUSIC AND THE MOOD!

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**

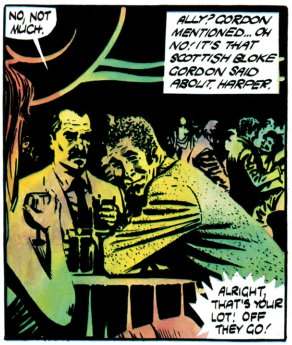

CHAPTER 6
VARIETY
SO IF SOME BLONDE AND BLUE-EYED BOY WOULD CARE TO TEACH ME STRENGTH THROUGH JOY...
THE KITTY-KAT KELLER. FIRST, I WAS A BIT TOO SCARED TO ENJOY IT. NOW I'M A BIT TOO DRUNK.
...AND SEE THAT ALL MY LIBERAL TENDENCIES ARE CURED; IF IT SHOULD BE DECREED BY FATE THAT YOU INVADE MY NEIGHBOURING STATE...
STILL, IT WAS NICE OF GORDON TO BRING ME. I LIKE HIM.
THEN YOU WILL FIND MY FRONTIERS OPEN, REST ASSURED.
YOU WANT ANOTHER?
OH... YEAH, GO ON THEN.
HE KNOWS SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE. NOT VERY NICE, BUT INTERESTING...
...LIKE... THE... BOOTS./ (DADA DADA DADA DA)
THERE'S THAT "ROBERT" MAN, THE ONE WHO WAS UPSET ABOUT HIS MOTHER AND ASKED GORDON TO DO SOMETHING. A BIG GANGSTER ON THE WAY OUT.
AND WHEN THEY "HEIL" I SMILE, AND LIQUEFY INSIDE...
...AND THAT PINCHED-LOOKING WOMAN, ROSE SOMETHING. NOBODY'LL SIT NEAR HER BECAUSE HER LAST TWO MEN GOT KILLED. SHE LOOKS LONELY...
I LIKE THEIR SKIN (DADA DADA DA) I LIKE THEIR DI-SCI-PLINE...
OH, WAIT, SOMEONE'S GOING OVER...
ER... MRS. ALMOND? I'M SORRY, BUT THE COMPUTER SAYS THAT THIS ENTRY CARD IS OVERDRAWN... I'LL HAVE TO ASK...

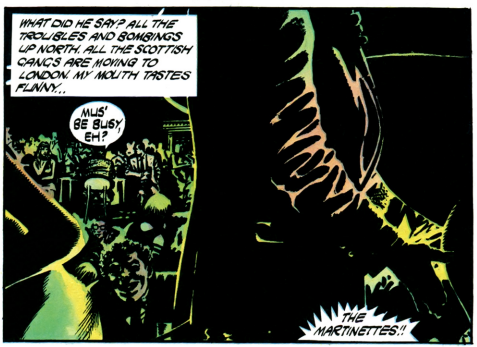
HE'S TAKING HER OUTSIDE NOW. PERHAPS TO ANOTHER CLUB. I'M GLAD SHE'S GOT SOMEBODY.
... AND THE ENORMOUS SENSE OF LICENSE IT PROVIDES.
THERE... GO STEADY. THAT'S YOUR FIFTH.
I'M ALRIGHT.
...ALRIGHT SINCE YOU TOOK ME IN, ANYWAY. CHRIST, I WAS SO LUCKY. IF ANYBODY ELSE HAD FOUND ME NICKING FOOD FROM THEIR DUSTBIN...
THANK YOU, ZOE! ZOE'LL BE BACK LATER...
YOU SURE? YOU LOOK FUNNY.
NO, I'M FINE, REALLY. JUST NOT USED TO THIS SORT OF PLACE. WHO'S THAT MAN OVER THERE?
BUT NOW THE MARTINETTES!
THAT'S CREEDY. BIG BOSS COPPER. NEW BLOKE, THE OLD ONE GOT KILLED. WHY?
YOUR FRIEND ROBERT'S TALKING TO HIM.
OH GOD, SO HE IS. LOOK, JUST IGNORE IT, EH? MIGHT GET NASTY...
SIX LOVELY GIRLS. GIVE 'EM A BIG HAND. NOT THERE, CORPORAL! HA HA HA!
NASTY?
WHAT DOES HE MEAN, NASTY? I WISH HE WOULDN'T TREAT ME LIKE A KID...
MY WORD, IT'S ALL HAPPENING HERE TONIGHT.
MR. CREEDY, PLEASE, ME AND MR. ALMOND HAD AN UNDERSTANDING ABOUT MY MOTHER. SHE WAS EXEMPT...
MR. ALMOND'S DEAD, ROBERT. THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW. YOU DON'T HAVE SPECIAL STATUS ANYMORE, AND YOUR MUM SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN A HOME A LONG TIME AGO.
HOMES? THEY'RE GAS CHAMBERS.
AND ONE... AND TWO...
NOT GAS, IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH, ROBERT, THERE'S JUST THREE GOOD SOUTH KEN BOYS WITH IRON BARS.
NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU MISERABLE OLD PANSY.
AREN'T THEY GORGEOUS?
DOESN'T LOOK NASTY?...

PUB ROWS, SEE ONE, YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, REALLY. WERE... WHAT ARE THEY DOING ON STAGE?
WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! HAHAHAHA!

OH GORDON, THAT'S HORRIBLE!
YEAH, I'M SORRY, IT'S NOT AS STRONG AS THIS USUALLY. LET'S HAVE THIS DRINK AND THEN...
GO'DIE! HU-LO!

OH. EVENIN', ALLY.
S'GUID T'SEEYA, GO'DIE. Y'NO BIN GETTIN' ABOOT MUCH, EH?


NO, NOT MUCH.
ALLY? GORDON MENTIONED... OH NO! IT'S THAT SCOTTISH BLOKE GORDON SAID ABOUT, HARPER.
ALRIGHT, THAT'S YOUR LOT! OFF THEY GO!


WHAT DID HE SAY? ALL THE TROUBLES AND BOMBINGS UP NORTH. ALL THE SCOTTISH GANGS ARE MOVING TO LONDON. MY MOUTH TASTES FUNNY...
MUS' BE BUSY, EH?
THE MARTINETTES!!

EH, S'NOFALLY NICE BITTA RUMPY-PUMPY 4'I'COT THERE, GO'DIE!
LEAVE IT OUT, ALLY. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.
HE SAID THERE'D BEEN FRICTION AND... HERE, IS HE TALKING ABOUT ME?

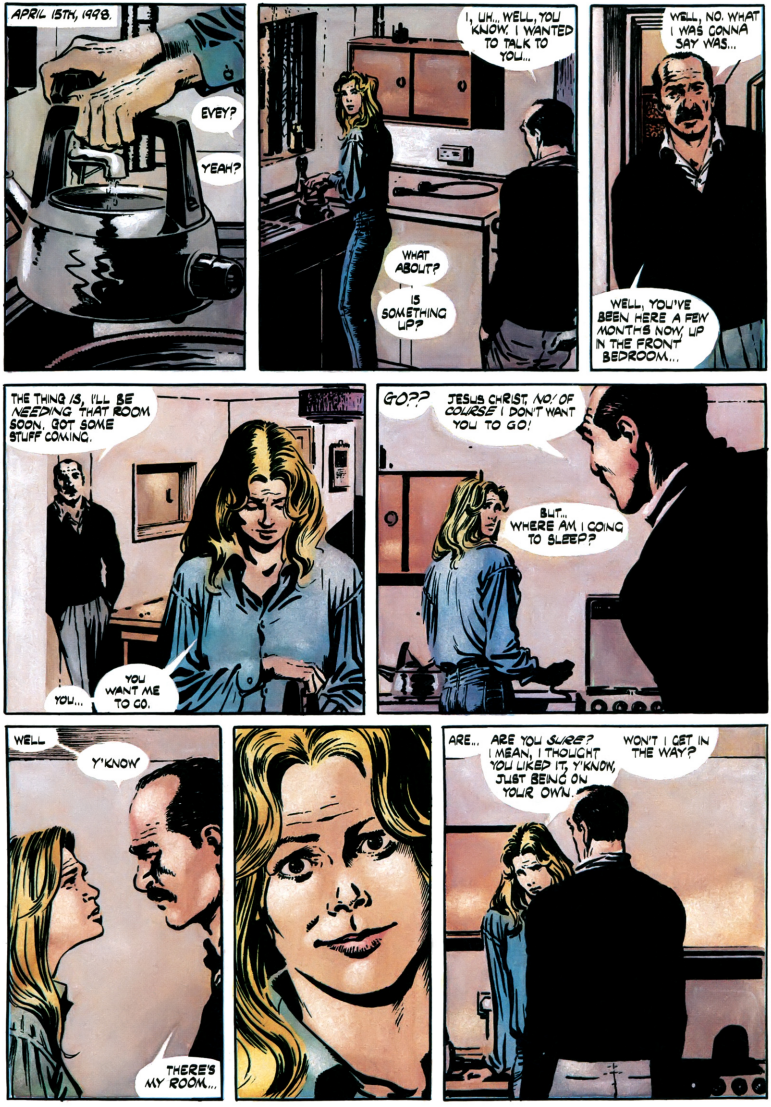
AAW, SUIT YESELF... HEY! LUKE WHO ET ES...
OH NO.
RIGHT... WHO'S FOR A SING SONG?
GORDON, GORDON LAD...

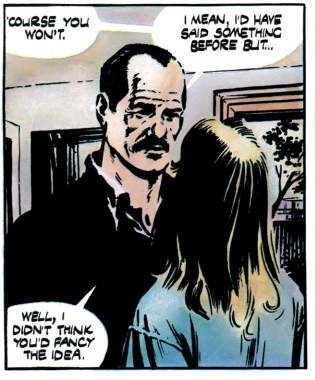
I'M FINISHED, BOYS. I'VE HAD IT. THEY'VE DONE ME MAM AND I'M NEXT...
HEY, BOBBIE, PESSAW'P, WI'YA? AM NO PARTIAL TE DRINKING WI' LEPERS.
LOOK, ROBERT, I'M SORE-Y-...
ONE, TWO, THREE...

YOU'RE SORRY! I'M SORRY! EVERYBODY'S SORRY!
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO LIVE LIKE THIS!
ROLL OUT THE BARREL. WE'LL HAVE A BARREL OF FUN...
AW, CHRIST...
ROBERT, LOOK, I'M JUST GOING...
ROLL OUT THE BARREL. LET'S GET THE BLUES ON THE RUN...
COME ON, EVEY...
YOU KNOW WHAT I WISH? I WISH THE BASTARD BOMB HAD 'IT BASTARD LONDON!
THAT'S WHAT I WISH. I WISH WE WERE ALL DEAD!
IT'D BE BETTER!
SING BOOM TARARA. LET'S HAVE A SONG OF GOOD CHEER...
NOW'S THE TIME TO ROLL THE BARREL...
I'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK.
'CAUSE THE GANG'S...
ALL...
HERE...

HE.
HE WAS RIGHT, WASN'T HE?
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO LIVE LIKE THIS.
SHOULD WE?
NO, KID, WE SHOULDN'T.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**


APRIL 15TH, 1998.
EVEY?
YEAH?
I, UH... WELL, YOU KNOW, I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU...
WHAT ABOUT?
IS SOMETHING UP?
WELL, NO. WHAT I WAS GONNA SAY WAS...
WELL, YOU'VE BEEN HERE A FEW MONTHS NOW, UP IN THE FRONT BEDROOM...
THE THING IS, I'LL BE NEEDING THAT ROOM SOON. GOT SOME STUFF COMING.
YOU... YOU WANT ME TO GO.
GO??
JESUS CHRIST, NO! OF COURSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO!
BUT... WHERE AM I GOING TO SLEEP?
WELL...
Y'KNOW...
THERE'S MY ROOM...
ARE...
ARE YOU SURE? I MEAN, I THOUGHT YOU LIKED IT, Y'KNOW, JUST BEING ON YOUR OWN.
WON'T I GET IN THE WAY?


'COURSE YOU WON'T.
I MEAN, I'D HAVE SAID SOMETHING BEFORE BUT...
WELL, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D FANCY THE IDEA.

WELL... I DO.
HA
I FEEL REALLY STUPID NOW.
WHY?

I DON'T KNOW.
WILL YOU GIVE ME A KISS?

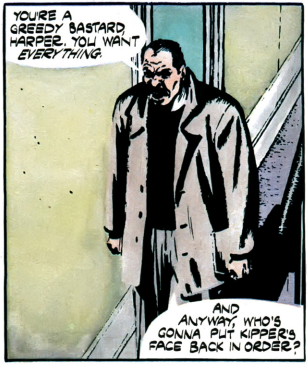
YEAH.
ALRIGHT.

JUNE 11TH, 1998:
EVEY!!
GORDON? WHAT'S...?
VISITORS.
LOCK YOURSELF IN THE BATHROOM AND DON'T MAKE A PEEP
B..T WHAT?
GO ON!

GO'DIE?
HULLOO?

A SAY, GO'DIE, LOOKS LIKE Y'GOT ME LOCKED OUT, NO?
A TELLYAWHAT... A CANNA HERT YEH NOW, EH? HOW'S ABOUT USYINS TALKIN' FERRA WHILE?

MEBBE Y'RIGHT, GO'DIE, Y'KNOW?
MEBBE YU COULD HANLE THE BOOZE AN A'LL CONTENT MABEL WI' THE *LITERATURE*.


YOU'RE A GREEDY BASTARD HARPER. YOU WANT *EVERYTHING*.
AND ANYWAY, WHO'S GONNA PUT KIPPER'S FACE BACK IN ORDER?

AYE, WELL, ACCIDENTS *HAPPEN*, GO'DIE.
ATELLYA WHAT... A CANNA HEAR YA $GOOD. WHY-N'YA GIVASELF OVER BY THE DOOR?
PIRAPS WE KEN WORK OUT SOME COMPEN-SATION FOR POOBOL' KIPPER, EH?

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN BASTARD COMPENSATION, YOU VICIOUS GET.
HE COULDN'T EVEN *SEE*.
AYE, WELL, JUST LISSEN T'MA *OFFER*, EH?

A' GENUINELY THENK YU'LL BE SURPRISED..
WELL?
GORDON?
"GORDON?
"GORDON, CAN I COME OUT YET?"

DC COMICS INC.

PRESIDENT
AND PUBLISHER
JENETTE KAHN

V.P.-EXECUTIVE EDITOR
DICK GIORDANO

EDITOR
KAREN BERGER

ASST. EDITOR
ART YOUNG

ART DIRECTOR
RICHARD BRUNING

MGR.-EDITORIAL ADMIN.
TERRI CUNNINGHAM

MGR.-EDITORIAL COORD.
PAT BASTIENNE

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR
BOB ROZAKIS

EXECUTIVE V.P.
PAUL LEVITZ

V.P.-CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JOE ORLANDO

V.P.-SALES
& MARKETING
BRUCE BRISTOW

CIRCULATION
DIRECTOR
MATT RAGONE

CONTROLLER
PAT CALDON

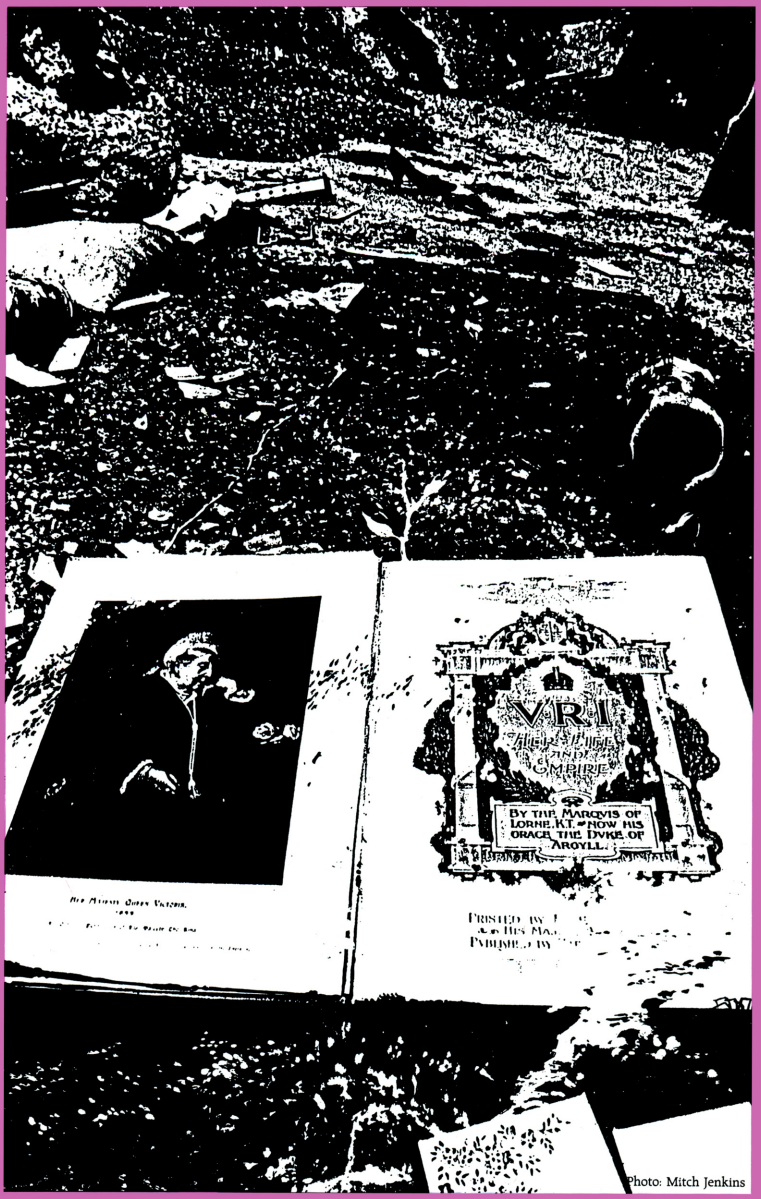


Photo: Mitch Jenkins

THE PROLETARIAT

REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER.